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DENISON'S VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES

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THE CABMAN AND THE LADY

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T.S. DENISON
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PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

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FARCES, COMEDIETTAS, Etc.

April Fools, 30 min.	3	
Assessor, The, 10 min.	3	2
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Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.		19
Bad Job, 30 min.	3	2
Betsy Baker, 45 min.	2	2
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min.	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.		5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min.	2	1
Cabman No. 93, 40 min.	2	2
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
Convention of Papas, 25 min.	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

The Cabman and the Lady

A VAUDEVILLE SKETCH

ADAPTED BY

WILLIAM D. EMERSON

AUTHOR OF

"The Eyes of the Law" and "Smith the Aviator"

CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

THE CABMAN AND THE LADY

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CHARACTERS.

PATRICK DWYER.....*The Mysterious Cabman*
ADOLPHUS VAN SITTART.....*A Jealous Husband*
VIVIAN VAN SITTART.....*The Mistaken Lady*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Thirty Minutes.*

TIME—*The Present.* PLACE—*New York City.*

As played by the Author in Vaudeville a number of seasons under the firm name of Emerson, Caffray and Emerson.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

PATRICK DWYER—About 40 years of age; red faced bluff, good natured Irishman; large man to contrast strongly with Van Sittart. Costume—Regulation coachman's coat and silk hat; underneath a gray flannel shirt, and old blue trousers belted with black leather belt.

ADOLPHUS VAN SITTART—About 26 years of age; typical young business man. After his suspicions are aroused he speaks in an exaggerated, melo-dramatic style. Costume—Neat business suit with a second coat exactly similar, to be torn and muddied; a neat derby hat with a duplicate to be dilapidated; changes to handsome dressing gown.

VIVIAN VAN SITTART—About 24 years of age, good looking and sensible; played matter of fact. Costume—Neat handsome house dress first; then a handsome coat and hat.

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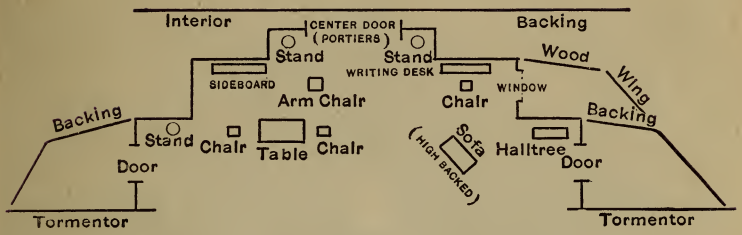
SCENE.



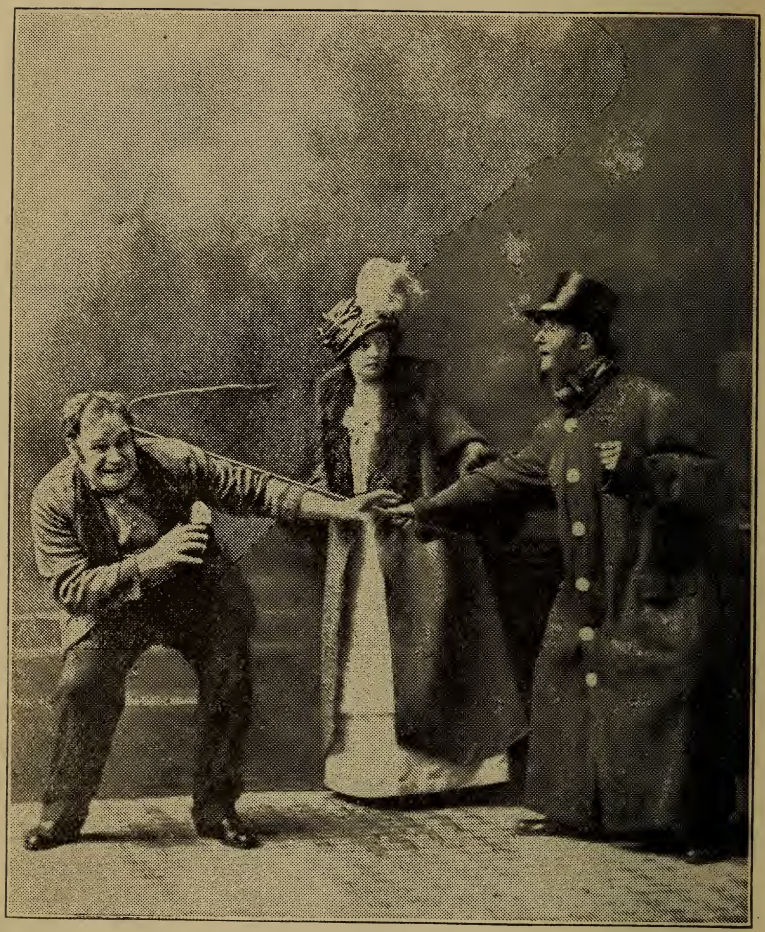
NOTE.—This scene is made elaborate for a professional production; however, if lacking in stage equipments, use any interior scene. This play does not depend on scenery for its success.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or back of the stage. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

PROPERTIES.

Fancy dining table, high-backed sofa, arm chair, three chairs, halltree or hat rack, handsome buffet or sideboard, two cut glass decanters, three or four glasses, three plates, cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons, etc. Handsome coffee pot, creamer and sugar bowl on tray. Number of dishes for food. Coffee in pot and liquor in decanters. Dressing gown, buggy whip, card, red silk muffler, handsome ladies' writing desk, writing materials, door bell, horse effects. Plenty of food to suggest breakfast on the dishes on table.



"Villian, Where Is My Wife"

THE CABMAN AND THE LADY

SCENE: *An elegantly furnished dining room in* VAN SITTART'S *home. Fancy C. D. with doors R. 2 E and L. 2 E. and a window L. 4 E. Handsome portieres on arch. Sideboard or buffet with decanters, glasses, etc., R. U. E. Writing desk with pen, ink and paper, L. U. E. Chair in front of desk. Arm chair up R. C. back of table. Table set for breakfast, R. of C. Chairs R. and L. of table. Halltree with dressing gown, R. 2 E., near door. Sofa with high back L. of C. Stands with plants; bric-a-brac, rugs, etc., to dress the set. See Scene Plot for stage setting.*

At rise ADOLPHUS *seated at table reading paper. Puts it aside and is about to eat when he notices his wife's bag on table. Picks it up and looking through contents takes out card, which he scans. He speaks throughout the play in exaggerated melo-dramatic tones.*

ADOLPHUS Hello! What's this? A memorandum for three hours' cab hire yesterday. (*Rises.*) Now what could my wife want with a cab for three hours? When I left home yesterday morning she said nothing about going out. Hum! Suspicious! Very suspicious! Extremely suspicious! (*Turning card over.*) The memorandum is on the back of the cabman's card. (*Reads.*) Patrick Dwyer. Cab number seven. There's something up. I'm sure of it. (*Doubtfully.*) Shall I ask my wife? No. Women are so deceitful. (*Pause.*) I have it. I'll instantly seek cab number seven and inquire what my wife was doing for three hours in a cab. I'm naturally impulsive and I cannot stand this uncertainty. Aha! Mrs. Vivian Van Sittart, you are little aware that I am onto this clandestine pilgrimage in a cab for three hours. (*Holding up card.*) This little piece of pasteboard may be the clew to some harrowing discovery.

VIVIAN (*outside R. 2 E.*). Adolphus!

ADOLPH. My wife's voice. I haven't a moment to lose.

VIVIAN. I'll bring the coffee in a moment, dear.

ADOLPH. Never mind the coffee. I'm going now. (*Crossing over to halltree L.*)

VIVIAN (*outside*). Wait a moment and I'll lock the front door after you.

ADOLPH. No need. I'm going out the back gate. (*Taking cane and hat from halltree.*) I'm going out for the day. I shant be back for dinner, and in all probability won't be home till morning. (*Aside.*) Now for cab number seven. (*He exits hurriedly through center door, going R.* VIVIAN *enters from door R. 2 E.*)

VIVIAN (*Peevishly*). Won't be home till morning. (*Vexed.*) Pretty carrying on indeed. Since he has taken to writing novels in his spare moments, he sees nothing but melodrama in the commonest happenings of everyday life, and for the last three days he has been so absorbed in a new plot that he has scarcely uttered a single word. Now I am to be left alone for the entire day. (*Walks angrily to and fro.*) But I'll not endure it any longer. I'll have a separation! (*Bell rings off L. 2 E. She goes to window L. 4 E. and looks out.*) A cab. Who can *this* be, I wonder. It's rather early for a visit. (*Opens door L. 2 E.*)

PAT *enters doors L. 2 E. speaking off as he enters.*

PAT. Who, there, Napoleon! Good mornin', mum.

VIVIAN (*surprised*). Well, sir; what is it?

PAT (*looking about furtively*). I beg your pardon, mum, air ye alone?

VIVIAN (*surprised*). Yes, quite alone.

PAT (*approaching mysteriously*). Sure ye see, mum, it's aboot this. (*Holds up a handsome red silk muffler.*)

VIVIAN (*aside*). Why, it's his muffler, the one I sent him Christmas. He must have left it in the cab yesterday. (*She goes to* PAT *and looks the muffler over as though trying to recall it.*)

ADOLPHUS *enters C. D. from right suddenly searching his pocket industriously.*

ADOLPH (*aside*). I forgot my latch key. (*Sees the others.*) Hello! My wife in earnest talk with a cabman. There's something up. (*Quickly hides behind the right portiere of C. D., popping his head out during the scene with exaggerated gestures.*)

PAT. Oim glad ye air alone, mum. It's best whin ye don't want matters talked about, ye know.

VIVIAN. What do you mean?

PAT. But it's all right so far as Oi am concerned. Yev no reason to be afraid of Pat Dwyer, cab number sivin. (ADOLPHUS *looks from behind the curtains.*)

ADOLPH. Number seven! The very man!

PAT (*significantly*). But mum's the worrud, mum.

VIVIAN (*puzzled*). I do not understand you.

PAT (*bantering*). Come, that's rayther *too* good. Why, surely ye haven't forgotten th' three hours' drive ye took in me cab yesterday (*knowingly*) wid a certain gint all dressed up in a "fuzzy" overcoat.

ADOLPH (*starting—aside*). A "fuzzy" overcoat! Horrible!

VIVIAN (*impatiently*). Well, what of it?

PAT. Well, ye see, mum, whin Oi gets back ter th' stable yisterday, I looked in th' cab an' found this red silk muffler. (*Holding muffler in the air.*)

ADOLPH (*aside*). A red silk muffler! (*Tragically.*) Some fearful revelation is at hand!

PAT. First Oi was goin' ter take it to th' police station, but says Oi ter meself, says Oi, ef Oi do thot, th' article may be advertised in th' newspapers, an' th' husband will learn about it, which Oi knew yez didn't want, 'cause I heerd ye say so to th' gintleman.

ADOLPH (*peeping from portiere—aside*). This is infamous!

PAT. Yeh see, mum, Oi'm allers fer th' ladies Oi am. Oi'm not the sort ov a chap to get th' fair sex into throuble,

'specially whin she's taken me card an' said she'll be a steady customer.

VIVIAN. It's really very thoughtful of you.

PAT. So Oi sez ter meself, sez Oi, Oi'll take th' article back to th' leddy, she'll be sure t' treat me right. So here yez hev et mum. (*Hands muffler to her.*) Oi'm only a poor cabby, but Oi know how to do th' right thing in a decentish sort ov a way.

ADOLPH (*shaking his fist—aside*). I'll do the *right thing* in a *decentish* sort of a way presently! (VIVIAN *takes the muffler from him, goes up to table and taking purse from bag on table comes down and hands* PAT *a bill.*)

VIVIAN. Here, my good fellow, here are two dollars for you.

ADOLPH (*aside—furious*). Two dollars! My money, too!

VIVIAN. But stay. You had better take it at once to the gentleman himself.

PAT. Him in th' "fuzzy" overcoat? (*Pleased.*) All roight, mum, Oi rimimber th' address. (*Aside.*) He'll tip me somethin' too, no doubt. (*Aloud—taking the muffler.*) Oi wish ye good mornin', mum. (PAT *crosses to door L. 2 E. and* VIVIAN *crosses to door R. 2 E.*)

VIVIAN. Good morning. (*Exits door R. 2 E.*)

PAT (*at door*). Oi'll have a tub av soods at th' dootchman's aroun' th' corner, jest ter congratulate myself. (*As he exits.*) Coom along, Napoleon. (*Exits L. 2 E.*)

ADOLPH (*coming down stage*). Aha! A bright idea. I'll catch on behind the cab, and so accompany number seven to his destination. (*Wildly.*) Ha! ha! ha! I'll catch on behind. (*Exit stealthily on tiptoe door L. 2 E.*)

VIVIAN *enters R. 2 E.*

VIVIAN. I wonder when Adolphus will return? I am so afraid he might discover my little plot and thus spoil all. It's a good thing he left before the cabman came. He might have become suspicious, which would never have done. (*Violent ring at door bell off L.*) But who can *this* be, I wonder. (*Another violent ring of the bell.* VIVIAN

goes to window and looks out.) Why, it's Adolphus. He's all covered with mud. What can have happened? (*She goes down to door L. 2 E., opens it, admitting* ADOLPHUS *in an extremely damaged condition, hat bulging, necktie untied, clothes covered with mud, trousers tucked up, etc.*) However came you in this disgraceful condition?

ADOLPH (*confused—stammering*) I—I—I— was caught in an awful storm—(VIVIAN *goes up to window to see*)—a—a—a—there's a *terrific* storm just around the corner!

VIVIAN. You should have taken a cab.

ADOLPH. I—I—*did* take a cab! (*Grinding his teeth—aside.*) But it let me go again. (VIVIAN *gets dressing gown from halltree.*)

VIVIAN. Here, put this on. (ADOLPHUS *takes off his coat, which he hands to* VIVIAN, *taking the dressing gown from her. She puts the coat on the halltree and coming back looks sharply at* ADOLPHUS, *who is standing with dressing gown in his hand staring in front of him.*) Don't stand there shivering. Put on your jacket. (*Looks at table.*) Why, you haven't had any breakfast yet. I'll run and bring you something hot. (*Exit door R. 2 E.*)

ADOLPH (*bitterly*). Something *hot!* I've had it pretty *hot* already this morning. (*Slips on the dressing gown and wraps it furiously around him.*) I jumped up behind number seven safe enough, but no sooner was I there than a pack of dirty faced boys set up a shout of "Cut behind!" (*Rubbing his hand softly up and down the back part of his trousers.*) By Jupiter! the fellow *did* cut behind—with his whip. I let go—I was obliged to let go. Down I went into a large mud puddle and away went the cab without me; but (*tragically*) the plot is thickening! I can't stand this uncertainty any longer. If I don't discover this fuzzy overcoat I shall bust, pop, explode! I know I shall! (*Throws himself violently upon sofa and kicks about in a frenzy.*)

PAT *appears at door L. 2 E. with a letter in his hand. Looks about, sees* ADOLPHUS.

PAT (*surprised*). Hello! Why, here's a gintleman havin' a fit on th' sofia. Beg yer pardon, boss—(ADOLPHUS *springs off sofa with a violent start and rushes toward* PAT, *who retreats in alarm.*)

ADOLPHUS. As I live, here he is again! (*Wildly.*) Ha! ha! Fate a second time throws him within my grasp!

PAT (*alarmed*). Beg pardon, Oi'm lookin' fer th' leddy ov th' house.

ADOLPHUS. Never mind the lady of the house. (*Looks about stage mysteriously, puts his finger to his lips and then in a hoarse whisper.*) Hush! You're number seven!

PAT. Noomber sivin, alias Pat Dwyer. It's all th' same. (*Facetiously.*) Some calls me be name, an' others has me number.

ADOLPH (*with bombastic mystery*). Hush! My wife engaged you yesterday for three hours!

PAT (*astonished*). Your wife? You don't mean to say you're ould what's his name?

ADOLPH (*with increasing mystery*). Yes, I *am* old what's his name. (*Handing him a bill.*) Here is a dollar for you. (*With melodramatic exaggeration.*) Now, tell me, gentle cabman, where you did drive my faithless wife. Speak! I'll pay you for every word you utter were you to take the live long day.

PAT (*hastily putting down whip*). Then you'd betther take me be th' hour. (*Aside.*) Well, this is a stroke av luck. Oi've got hold av the *husban'* now. (*Turning to him—mysteriously.*) Well, boss, Oi don't loike ter make yez feel bad, but things look mighty queer.

ADOLPH (*starting*). You don't mean that.

PAT. It's lucky fer ye Oi was mixed up in this matther. Oi'm all fer th' *husbans.* Oi am. (*Holding out hand significantly.*) Mum's th' worrud!

ADOLPH (*impatiently*). Go on—go on!

PAT. Afore Oi sthart, Oi wouldn't objict ter a sort av deposit. Th' resht Oi lave ter ye ginnerosity.

ADOLPH. Oh, I see. (*Takes bill from pocket and hands it to him.*) Here's two dollars. *Say* on!

PAT (*pocketing money*). Now we *go* on. First av all Oi drove th' leddy aroun' Bronx Park.

ADOLPH (*eagerly*). Alone of course!

PAT. Not a bit av it. (*Significantly.*) Some leddies is too nervous t' ride thro' th' park in a cab alone. (*In a hoarse whisper.*) There was two av thim.

ADOLPH (*starting*). *Two* of them! Speak! *Who* was the other?

PAT (*knowingly*). This is werry particular. (*Holding out hand and playfully twiddling fingers.*) Th' wheels want greasin'.

ADOLPH. Aha! I perceive. (*Aside.*) Mercenary brute. (*Taking bill from pocket—aloud.*) There's another five. (*Eagerly.*) Say, *who* was inside.

PAT (*after looking about furtively*). "Fuzzy" overcoat was inside.

ADOLPH (*violently*). "Fuzzy" overcoat! The *devil* he was There's something diabolical in a "fuzzy" overcoat. (*Vehemently.*) Say on! Continue!

PAT. Well, boss, afther drivin' aroun' th' park, we proceeded to th' boulevard an' then we pulls up at a concrete cottage, with a peeky, pointed roof, in what they calls th' Queen Anne sthyle of architecture.

ADOLPH (*impatiently*). Never mind the style of architecture. Go on!

PAT. Will they wint inter th' cottage an' stayed a divil av a long time.

ADOLPH (*jumping about with indignation*). The *devil* they did! I can't stand this any longer! Manslaughter is against the law, but (*seizing* PAT *by the collar with both hands and shaking him violently and crying with terrible emphasis*) I'll take the very first opportunity of totally exterminating "fuzzy" overcoat! (*Wildly.*) I will, ha! ha! (*Rushes to sofa and throws himself upon it.*)

PAT (*struggling violently*). I say, don't do that! The next time you do that again, don't you do it at all. Let George do it. (*Aside.*) He's an excitable customer. (*Takes*

letter from his pocket where he placed it. Aloud.) Here's a letter that "fuzzy" overcoat gave me fer th' leddy.

ADOLPH (*convulsively*). A letter for the lady! (*Rushes at* PAT *and tries to snatch letter, but* PAT *stops him.*)

PAT. No, no. This letther is worth money t' me. Oi promised t' deliver th' letther t' th' leddy. Well, (*argumentatively*) th' leddy will tip me somethin' av coorse—an' thin yez can take th' letther from *her.* An' now that Patrick Dwyer has tould yez ivery thing (*holding out hand*) perhaps ye wouldn't moind coughing up a leetle fer th' information.

ADOLPH (*aside*). The fellow will strip me of all I possess! (*Bitterly.*) But I must humor him. I may require his assistance. (*Gives him bill—aloud.*) There's another five. (*Solemnly.*) Patrick Dwyer, you'll stand by me?

PAT (*joyfully pocketing money*). Stand by ye! (*Resolutely*). Oi won't niver lave ye!

ADOLPH (*melodramatically*). 'Tis well. (*Noise off R. 2 E. He looks off there.*) Hush! She comes. We must not be seen together. Comrade, we understand each other.

PAT (*endeavoring to imitate his manner*). We *does!*

ADOLPH (*pantomiming sword thrusts, etc.*) Something desperate must be done! (*Passing his right hand across throat with a fiendish laugh.*) Ha! ha! (PAT *is very much surprised, but grotesquely imitates him.*)

PAT. It must. Ho! ho!

ADOLPH (*mysteriously*). Hush! Not a word. We are agreed. Ha! ha! (*Makes mysterious and grotesque signs to* PAT *and exits C. D., going R.*)

PAT (*puzzled*). Who's looney now? Well, he *is* a crazy customer. (*He starts down to door L. 2 E. and is about to exit when* VIVIAN *enters door R. 2 E. with coffee pot, etc., on tray, and goes up to table without seeing* PAT. *Speaks as though her husband were in the room.*)

VIVIAN (*as she enters*). Now, love, here's some hot coffee for you.

PAT (*turns—surprised*). You're really werry kind, mum.

VIVIAN (*turns quickly*). You here still?

PAT. Oi've got somethin' fer yez, mum. (*Flourishing letter mysteriously to and fro.*)

VIVIAN (*surprised*). A note for me? Give it to me. (PAT *extends his hand and playfully twiddles his fingers.*)

PAT. But ye see, mum, th' postage ain't paid yet.

VIVIAN (*understanding*). Oh, I see. There's half a dollar. (*Gives him coin and takes the letter.*)

PAT (*aside*). Half a dollar! (*Pockets money.*) She don't fork out like th' boss.

VIVIAN (*opens note and reads.*) "All is now quite ready. Come over at once. It is better that your husband should still remain in the dark." (*Aloud.*) Yes, I had better go. Another visit and all will be arranged. (*To* PAT *hastily.*) You must drive me with all possible haste to the house on the boulevard.

PAT (*surprised*). Th' concrete cottage?

VIVIAN (*hastily*). Wait for me below. I will get my hat and cloak and rejoin you immediately. (*She exits door in R. 2 E. quickly.*)

PAT (*joyfully*). The Queen Anne cottage agin! Another fare—this is great. Napoleon, my boy, things are booming this morning, an' no mistake.

ADOLPH (*rushes down stage—tragically*). I've heard all! She's off again! Quick! Take that coat off and give it to me.

PAT (*intensely surprised*). Yez want me coat?

ADOLPH (*wildly*). Coat, badge, hat, whip, cab, horse—everything!

PAT (*astounded*). What! Napoleon an' all?

ADOLPH. Yes, Napoleon and all. (*Gives money.*) Here's twenty dollars for you.

PAT (*grabs money—with delight*). Twinty dollars! Phew! Things air comin' my way wid a vengeance. (*Hastily pulling off coat.*) But what am *Oi* to put on?

ADOLPH (*pulling off dressing gown*). Here—this! (*He*

puts on PAT'S *coat, which is way too large for him, the sleeves hanging over his hands and the tails dragging on the ground. While* PAT *puts the dressing gown on, which is much too small for him. Be sure to strive for this comedy effect.*) Now, then, your hat and whip! (*He puts on* PAT'S *high hat, which falls down over his ears in a ridiculous manner, and snatches the whip from the sofa where* PAT *laid it down.*) My wife has evidently got another appointment—a secret appointment. (*With increasing sarcasm.*) Ha! ha! This is *very* sensational. I've lately waded through hundreds of novels, but I've found nothing to come up to this. (*With tremulous intensity.*) I, Adolphus Van Sittart, disguised as a cabman, will drive my wife to the appointed spot, and then—(*in the height of his indignation he begins to slash* PAT *with the whip.* PAT *jumps about in dressing gown.*)

PAT (*roaring*). Hello! Phat air ye up to? *Oi* ain't "fuzzy" overcoat!

ADOLPH (*abruptly*). Beg pardon! I was carried away by the warmth of my over-vivid imagination.

PAT (*rubbing himself—aside*). By jingo! Oi don't feel so comfortable wi' this felly. He's such a rumbustical sort of a gink!

ADOLPH (*fiercely*). Meanwhile, you stay here, Patrick—don't budge till my return, Patrick. I leave you the run of the pantry, Patrick—eat, drink, swill, stuff, Patrick—(*roaring*) do you hear, Patrick?

PAT (*astounded*). Well, I am—

ADOLPH (*vehemently*). You've rendered me a great service, Patrick—I approve of you, Patrick—I adopt you, Patrick (*with a burst of feeling*). Come to my arms, Patrick! (*Pulls* PAT *by the lapels of his dressing gown into his arms.* PAT *struggles in his arms.*)

PAT. Things air comin' my way too fast now. (ADOLPHUS *pushes him away abruptly, he nearly falls.*)

ADOLPH. Now for the scene of action. Where I may meet "fuzzy" overcoat. Ha! ha! My vengeance shall be startling—ferocious—implacable—unrelenting — far reach-

ing—(*At each word he viciously slashes* PAT *with the whip.* PAT *dodges about in alarm.*)

PAT. Now he's at it agin. Hello! Oi say! Shtop it, will ye!

ADOLPH (*abruptly*). Beg pardon. My over-vivid imagination again mistook—

VIVIAN (*off R. 2 E.*). I'm coming!

ADOLPH. Ah! The traitress comes! Quick! Conceal yourself! And now (*with wild intensity*) for the concrete cottage and "fuzzy" overcoat—ha! ha! (*He exits wildly in over exaggerated melodramatic style.*)

PAT (*rubbing himself*). Oi hope his over-vivid imagination won't mistake me any more. (VIVIAN *makes slight noise off R. 2 E.*) Hello! Here comes th' leddy. Oi'll make mesilf scarce. Oi'll hide behind here. (*Hides behind the sofa.*

VIVIAN *enters R. 2 E. with hat and cloak on. She crosses the stage to door L. 2 E. speaking as she crosses the stage.*

VIVIAN. I must hasten back before Adolphus should grow suspicious. (*She exits door L. 2 E. and as soon as she is out the noise of horse's hoofs are heard outside L.* PAT *gets up from his hiding place and goes to window and looks out.*)

PAT. They're off. Well, here's a rum go. Here am Oi in a gintleman's house, togged out in th' said gintleman's clothes, with th run of the gintleman's panthry—an' there goes th' gintleman himself, on th' box seat av me cab, a drivin' me Napoleon, an' a flourishin' me whip. (*Crosses to the table R. C., sits in the chair L. of table. Pours out a cup of coffee.*) Well, there's no use in speculatin' what's goin' ter happen. Oi'm hungry as the divil, so Oi'll accept th' kin' gintleman's offer an' make mesilf t' home. (*Drinks.*) Good coffee that. (*As he eats and drinks he sees the bottle of olives on the table, reaches over and picks up the bottle and studies it attentively.*) Phat th' divil air thim things? (*Spells.*) O-l-i-v-e-s—olives. Thims what th' rich folks ates; dago fruit av some kind. Oi've niver tasted thim an' Oi'm goin'

to ef 't kills me. (*Takes the cork out of bottle and tries to put the different styles of articles on the table—spoon, knife, fork, etc.—down the neck of bottle. Not succeeding in this way he finally turns the bottle upside down in the palm of his left hand, puts the olives which come out into his mouth; gets a taste of them and with a wry face spits them out.*) Phew! They's spiled! (*Sees the decanters on sideboard, gets up from chair and crosses to the sideboard and fills one of the glasses from the decanter; raises the glass in his hand and looks at it; smells it and smiles; tastes it and then empties glass; is about to refill it, but hesitates and raising the decanter takes a good long drink from that.*) Ah, that's more like it! (*Door bell rings L. 2 E.*) Hello! who's that? (*Crosses to window and looks out.*) Why, it's th' leddy come back. Oi must make mesilf scarce. (*Hides behind the portiere of C. D.*)

VIVIAN *enters door L. 2 E., breathless, half fainting; staggers to sofa, sits, fans herself with her handkerchief.*

VIVIAN. I do believe that cabman has gone stark, staring mad. (*Excitedly.*) After driving me at breakneck speed down the street he ran the cab with a crash into a trolley car.

PAT (*aside*). Eh!

VIVIAN. The police ran up and the cabman was hurried to the station house, horse, cab and all.

PAT (*who has listened with breathless interest, rushes violently forward*). To the station house!

VIVIAN (*screams*). A-a-a-h! Why, there he is!

PAT (*excited*). Did ye say Napoleon was pinched an' taken t' th' station house?

VIVIAN (*bewildered*). Am I going mad? Why, I left you not five minutes ago struggling in the hands of the police. But my husband will help. I will insist upon his helping you.

PAT. Your husband! (*Angry.*) If me Napoleon's gone t' th' station house, it strikes me yer husban' has gone along wid him.

VIVIAN (*overcome*). My husband in prison! Oh, where, where! I will fly to him instantly. (*Starts for door L. 2 E. but is stopped by* PAT.)

PAT. No, you don't. Th' boss wouldn't approve av it.

VIVIAN (*indignantly*). What do you mean by this insolence? (*She looks at* PAT *and suddenly notices that he is wearing her husband's dressing gown.*) How is it I find you here wearing my husband's dressing gown?

PAT (*sententiously*). Be th' same token that yer husban' was a drivin' my cab, a wearin' me coat.

VIVIAN (*struck by the idea*). Ah, I see it all! He evidently suspects—

PAT (*knowingly*). Oi should *rather* think he did. An' whin he comes back—(*impressively*). Now, min' Oi don't want ter frighten yer, but yez have heard tell av Bluebeard. (*Passes his hand across his throat.*) Cr-r-r-rk! (*Ties an imaginary knot under left ear—imitation of hanging.*) Cou-ic! That's what's in shtore fer *yez.* Oi kin tell ye.

VIVIAN (*alarmed—half crying*). Oh, this is too much—I'll leave the house! I'll take refuge at my uncle's. (*Abruptly—producing purse.*) Here, take this purse and let me go.

PAT (*astonished*). A purse! (VIVIAN *goes up to desk up L. U. E. and writes hurriedly.*)

VIVIAN. I will just write a few lines to my husband and quit this place forever.

PAT (*examining purse.*) Fifty dollars, every cent av it. (*Completely altering his manner.*) Oh, *dis* knocks the boss out av th' runnin'. Oi'm all fer th' *leddies* agin. (*Crossing to L. 2 E.*) Here ye air, mum. There ain't no resistin' lovely woman. Mum's th' worrud, mum. (*Dances a few steps going up L. C.*) So shtep out at once whoile Oi look th' other way.

VIVIAN (*hands him note*). Give this to my husband when he returns. Tell him all is over between us. That I leave his house forever.

PAT (*aside*). That's what they all say. (*Aloud.*) Oi'll tell him, mum. (*As he goes up to window—aside*). It will

just about suit th' boss, Oi'm thinkin'. (*Looks out the window.*) Here comes th' boss now. (*Horse's hoofs heard in the distance off L., gradually getting nearer.*)

VIVIAN (*hurriedly*). Ah! He must not find me here. I'll go through the garden. (*Goes up to C. D.*) That my husband should have dared to suspect me. Oh, 'tis horrible! Atrocious! (*She exits center door going right.* PAT *rubs his hands and sings in glee.*)

PAT. Tol-di-rol-di! Riddle-rol! Things are shtill comin' my way. Oi'm on the high road t' fortune.

ADOLPHUS *rushes in door L. 2 E in a terrific excitement, whip in hand.*

ADOLPH (*wildly*). I'm out on bail! The miscreants arrested me for speeding!

PAT (*eagerly*). Don't worrit, boss; ye'll forgit all that. Oi've been at work an' fixed iverythink fer yez, boss.

ADOLPH (*eagerly*). You have! Ha, ha! Say on, my trusted charioteer, say on! (PAT *holds out his hand slyly and twiddles fingers.*)

PAT. Mum's the worrud, boss.

ADOLPH. Why, what do you want now?

PAT (*playfully twiddling fingers*). A werry important revelation is comin' (*facetiously*). Money makes th' mare go!

ADOLPH (*alarmed*). The fellow is a positive leech. (*Imploringly—showing empty pockets.*) Do you desire my shoes, my suspenders, my collar?

PAT. No; me expectashuns air moderate. (*With extreme playfulness*). Oi need a watch.

ADOLPH (*indignantly*). You need a watch.

PAT (*holding out hand*). If ye'll hand yers over, Oi'll tell yez somethin' that will make ye shpin roun' an' roun' wid joy an' satisfaction.

ADOLPH (*aside*). He must have made some most important discovery. (*Giving* PAT *his watch.*) There; take it; but tell me *all*—do you hear? *All!*

PAT (*pocketing watch—mysteriously*). Well, thin—Oi got rid av her fer yez.

ADOLPH (*starting*). Got rid of who?

PAT. Th' missus.

ADOLPH. Got rid of my wife?

PAT (*impressively*). Fer good an' all. She won't never come back no more. Here's a letther she left fer ye. (PAT *holds out letter and* ADOLPHUS *snatches it from him and reads it hastily.*)

ADOLPH (*Reads*). "Sir, all is over between us. You have mortally offended me—" (*laughing bitterly.*) Ha! ha! *I've* offended her. Come, that's a good joke, that is. (*Reading.*) "But before leaving I owe you a full explanation. My Uncle Tompkins has returned from Alaska with a large fortune. Desirous of making you a handsome present, he recently purchased on the boulevard a concrete cottage—

PAT (*interrupting*). In th' Queen Anne shtyle av architecture.

ADOLPH (*roaring*). The devil take the style of architecture! (*Overcome.*) Then it was only an uncle. Good gracious! Then I have gone and done it! (*Falls into sofa L. C.*)

PAT (*altering manner*). Yez *have* an' no mishtake. Oi wouldn't be in *yer* shoes fer a trifle. (*Goes up and sits in chair L. of table.*)

ADOLPH (*suddenly recollecting*). But where is my wife? My innocent, much wronged Vivian?

PAT (*pathetically*). Vivian's gone. Vivian won't never come back no more. (*Throws himself back comfortably in chair.*)

ADOLPH (*roaring wildly*). Wretch! What have you done with her?

PAT (*with dignity*). Serves ye roight fer suspectin' an innocent, unoffendin' female.

ADOLPH (*wildly*). Ha, ha! Taunted by the very instrument of my barbarity. Scoundrel, take that, and that! (*Pitches into* PAT *with the whip.* PAT *jumps to feet and dashes around the table to right, crying.*)

PAT. Hello (*Shouting.*) Here, Oi say! He's a bilin' over agin! Help! Murder! Spare me!

ADOLPH (*furious*). Spare you! Never! Revenge! Ha! ha! (ADOLPHUS *rushes after* PAT *and they run into the arm chair, upsetting it.*)

VIVIAN *enters C. D. and stands looking on.* PAT *runs around the table shouting.*

PAT. Help! Murder! (*Hotly pursued by* ADOLPHUS, *roaring—*)

ADOLPH. Revenge! Revenge! Ha! ha! Villain, where is my wife? (*Sees* VIVIAN.) Why, there she is! (*Throws away whip and runs to her. In crossing he upsets the table by violently running against it. Loud crash.*)

PAT (*shouting*). There goes that good coffee. (ADOLPHUS *throws himself on his knees before* VIVIAN *and pleads.*)

ADOLPH. Forgive me, dear! It was all a mistake! (VIVIAN *through all this has scarcely been able to keep from laughing.*)

VIVIAN. It's lucky for you, sir, the garden gate was locked. Had it not been I should be far from here. As it is, sir, concealed behind the portieres, I have been an unseen spectator of your repentance. Rise, sir; I forgive you.

ADOLPH (*rising—angrily*). What a fool I have been. I've been mixing up fact and fiction, romance and reality. I'll give up "sensational" literature and stick to the (*local*).

PAT (*patronizingly—to* VIVIAN). But it's all roight, mum. He won't do it no more. Oi'll be responsible fer him.

ADOLPH. You! (*Suddenly remembering.*) Perhaps you'll kindly return my property. (*They exchange coats again, each taking his own.* ADOLPHUS *holds out his hand for the watch.* PAT *is about to hand over when* VIVIAN *interferes.*)

VIVIAN. Nay; let him keep the watch. You deserve to forfeit something, sir, for suspecting your affectionate little wife. (*Taking* ADOLPHUS' *arm. She is on L. of him, he being C. and* PAT *R.*) We will visit Uncle Tompkins on the boulevard.

ADOLPH. At the concrete cottage—

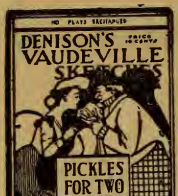
PAT (*butting in*). In th' Queen Anne shtyle of architecture.

ADOLPH. Never mind the style of architecture. It will soon be mine, thanks to—(*looking at* VIVIAN).

VIVIAN. The cabman. (PAT *bows.*)

PAT. An' th' leddy! (VIVIAN *curtseys.*)

CURTAIN.



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